

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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Fifteen squares, nine months, 135.00

Fifteen squares, twelve months, 187.50

Sixteen squares, three weeks, 40.00

Sixteen squares, six months, 96.00

Sixteen squares, nine months, 144.00

Sixteen squares, twelve months, 200.00

Seventeen squares, three weeks, 42.50

Seventeen squares, six months, 100.00

Seventeen squares, nine months, 150.00

Seventeen squares, twelve months, 212.50

Eighteen squares, three weeks, 45.00

Eighteen squares, six months, 108.00

Eighteen squares, nine months, 162.00

Eighteen squares, twelve months, 225.00

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Poetry.

WE MET TO PART FOREVER.

We met, 'twas when the laughing spring

Her earliest wreath was twining,

When birds were out on glancing wing,

And skies serenely shining.

But what to me were sunny skies

And April bloom beguiling?

My sunshine was thy radiant eyes.

My spring thy tender smiling.

My feet had trod a weary track

And crushed both thorn and flower;

My future stretched all bare and black;

The Present held my dower.

I said to Doubt, I will not fear;

My faith is clear as morning.

I said to Memory fold not here.

Your vulture wing of warning.

The days shall be, for thee and me--

The nights all drear and lonely;

But now I bid thy shadow flee;

This hour is mine--mine only.

Hope seemed to breathe in every bloom,

Love in each bud was swelling;

There was no sigh of coming doom,

Of change and parting telling.

No shadow fell, no blossom shut,

No moan rose from the river

To whisper darkly we must part,

But met to part forever.

Far inland in billowy years

Sleeps that sweet, sunlit hour,

I see it sometimes through my tears--

The rainbow through the shower.

But dark and slow the waves of Time,

Croop round my life forever.

They cast no pearls, they chant no rhyme

They flash the sunlight never;

The thought that bids their dreary lips

Moan low and saddest ever,

That in their things a dim eclipse

Is that by hill or river,

Where sunshine pours or shadow dips,

We meet no more forever.

Dear love, the sadly dreamers tell

A wild and wondrous story,

That death cannot the spirit quell,

Nor quench its fabled glory.

I need not these, for in my soul

A prophet voice is telling,

That Earth knows not a mortal goal,

Nor Love an earthly knelling.

Beyond the stars, whose silver feet

O'er heaven's blue pathway quiver,

Say, shall not our freed spirits meet

To part no more forever?

Registry of Births and Deaths.

The following is the synopsis of an act

passed by the Legislature of Ohio in

March last, to take effect and become a

law of the State from and after the first

day of July next:

"It requires the Probate Judges of the

several counties to keep a record of the

births and deaths occurring in their

counties; and makes it the duty of

physicians and professional midwives to

keep a registry of the births wherein

they have assisted, with the sex and the

color of the child, and the residence of

its parents. It also requires that physi-

cians, clergymen and sextons, who officiate

either in the last illness, at the death

or at the burial of deceased persons, shall

keep a registry of the name, age and residence,

of said deceased persons and the time

of their death. It makes it the duty,

also, of the parties above mentioned,

to report fully and correctly the births

and deaths registered by them, as above

required, to the Probate Judge of the

county every three months, on or before

the second Monday of January, April,

July and October, of each year. And it

is made the duty of the Probate Judge

to record the same within fifteen days

after the receipt thereof, and transmit, on

or before the first Monday of November,

every year, an abstract of his record to

the Commissioner of Statistics, in such

form as that official may dictate. The

record thus made is to be received in any

court as prima facie evidence of the facts

therein stated; and shall be open at all

proper hours to the inspection of the

public. And every person who shall

neglect or refuse to comply with the

provisions of the act, shall forfeit and pay

for each offense ten dollars, to be sued

for and recovered in the name of the

State of Ohio. And the Probate Judges

shall be entitled to receive for services

under this act like fees as are charged

for similar services in other cases."

A Note by the Wayside.

I stood upon the platform of the rail-

road depot in the pleasant little village of

N., waiting for the express train go-

ing eastward. It was a pleasant after-

noon in September, and I, a stranger in

the place, was gazing admiringly upon a

field of Indian corn whose tops were wa-

ving gracefully in the breeze, a little to

the right of the station, when my atten-

tion was attracted by an emphatic remark

from one of a group of gentlemen loung-

ing upon a pile of baggage, like myself

awaiting the arrival of the train.

"Yes, sir; I'll sell the best horse in my

stables before I'll part with him. No,

sir, while I live and have a roof to shelter

my head from the storms, he shall have

a warm place by my fireside, and if I

had barely sufficient food to keep me

from starvation I would share the last

morsel with him."

I turned and beheld a noble looking

man, somewhat past the prime of life,

with a sad look in his deep blue eyes,

caressing the shaggy head of a large New-

foundland dog, who evinced as much

pleasure as though he had understood ev-

ery word of his master's remarks.

"How is that?" said an honest-looking

Hoosier standing near. "I don't see

nothing so extra lookin' about him. I

sold a powerful sight handsomer pup last

week for ten dollars."

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman,

"I know he is not a handsome dog, but I

will tell you why I prize him so highly,

and then you shall judge whether it is a

foolish wish or not."

"Well, drive ahead stranger," said the

Hoosier, good-naturedly; "maybe he has

done you a good turn sometime, that you

don't forget."

"You are right," said the gentleman;

"God forbid that I should ever forget the

debt of gratitude I owe him. Nearly

eighteen years ago, when I was in the

vigor of early manhood, I left my father's

pleasant home in the valley of the Con-

necticut, and with my newly-wedded

bride set out to try and make my fortune

in the far West, the fabulous reports of

whose wealth and advantages had stirred

my youthful blood to fever heat. I took

with me but little save my rifle and my

faithful dog. I made a clearance, and in

the course of time a neat little cottage

with a woodbine hanging in graceful clus-

ters around the doorway was the result

of my labors. Although I did not be-

come vastly rich, yet I secured a compe-

tence enough to make me independent for

life.

"One child was given me, a little curly-

haired fairy, whom we named Nellie, in

memory of a beloved sister who died but

a short time before my emigration. Oh,

how we idolized that dear little one! I

felt we loved her too well, and forgot

Him who claimed our greatest love. My

dear wife used often to say, 'O, Henry, if

our little Nell should be taken from us I

could not live."

"Little Nellie and good old Carlo soon

became dear friends. He was always by

her side wherever she wandered, and

would lie for hours with his huge head

resting upon her knee, gazing up into her

face with a look that was almost human

in its fondness.

"Well, one morning when Nellie was

about five years old, I left home to trans-

act some business which required my im-

mediate presence. When I had proceed-

ed a mile or two I perceived that the dog

was following me, and stopping my horse

I attempted to drive him back. He was

determined to go with me, but I finally

succeeded in my efforts, and he took the

back track for home. Well was it for my

happiness that he did so.

"When I returned home late in the

evening, I entered the house and found

little Nellie lying upon the bed that stood

in one corner of the room, caressing the

dog who lay quietly beside her, and some

visals of medicine standing on the table